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Correspondence of the Republican.

A BOSTON BALLAD.

HOW LITTLE MAC CAME AND WENT.

BOSTON, February 9, 1863

In this famed city where the "Hub,"
With now and then a creak and rub,
Still keeps a going,
I turn from "entries" and "debentures,"
From "charter-parties" and "adventures,"
To overhaul some old indentures
To you I'm owing.

I'm not, I own, so Boston-wise,
As to portray before your eyes
The wonders all,
That prompt the curious to stare,
The grave to talk, the vile to swear,
From Cambridge bridge and Chester square
To Faneuil Hall,

But I must tell you of the freak
Our metropolitans, last week,
Went wild upon:
A coolly planned, deliberate "bender;"
A cogitated nine days' wonder;
A preconcerted clap of thunder,
They've been and done.

By letters missive long ago,—
(It might be a committee, though,
Went to secure him,)—
They sent to borrow "Little Mac,"
For a week's run along the track
To hospitality and back,
If they'd insure him.

Being just now without command,
The doughty chief was soon on hand,
And, O my stars!
Such roars and shouts as then arose,
Such trampling oer each other's toes,
Such crush of beavers and "old clo's,"
Beat all the wars.

Men fought to gain a single look;
Thieves deftly stole his pocket book,
Twixt car and cab;
(But Shakespear calls it "trash"—one's purse—
Nothing compared with fame—of course,)
While brass bands blow their stove pipes hoarse,
To cure the grab.

Then came the dinners and libations,
And sword and pitcher presentations,
And hob-or-nobs.
In grand saloons on Beacon street,
Where the initiate and clite
Alone were privileged to meet
Gold lace and snobs.

Then other tender presentations:
To all the lion institutions
He next was toted:
To photographic galleries,
Where he and Mrs left their phiz,
To be by every curious quiz
In print-shops quoted.

To schools where damsels gave boquets,
And masters, oratoric bays,
And urchins, kisses;
Till, what with speech and serenade,
And nights by claquers hideous made,
Nothing was left of stock in trade,
Save smothered hisses.

On Sunday though—'tis very plain,
He was at his old tricks again,
With wonted grace:
While crowds watched his egress to church,
For lunch he slily left his perch,
And his expectants in the lurch—
He'd "changed his base."

Now some good folks so simple are,
As ask what all this fuss was for,
And can't see thro' it.
Why, bless their hearts! it is not known
That "little Mac" has clearly shown,
What has to quite a problem grown—
"How not to do it."

For the remainder of the acts,
And sundry other funny facts,
At this time done—
About that latin on the sword,
How not a single loyal word,
His, or his satellites', was heard,
Your anxious readers are referred,
To "Warrington."°

Yours truly, QUIS.

° A Boston Correspondent.

Written for the Newsdealer.

A LEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF JOHN CROSBY,

THE FARMER'S SON.

BY Z. E. J.

"Jump in! jump in!" says farmer Ordway, as he overtook his neighbor Crosby, both being on their way home from the village.

"Fine spring day," says Ordway. "I really ought to have started my plow today, but I found a new point was needed, and the flour barrel was nearly empty; so I had to postpone the plowing till tomorrow."

"Wall," says Crosby, "I set my John to harrowing where I plowed in the fall, but you see I thought, since I had foreclosed on the Heath farm, and have that to carry on, I ought to have more help; so went to the village to hire somebody, if possible."

"Yes, you get that place at a bargain. But how is old Mr. Heath to live without a farm, Mr. Crosby?"

"Well, dun'no. Guess it will come a little tough; but he never could pay me up, nor begin to make the profit from the farm that I can; and it's likely he will find a place somewhere. He ought to have known better than to hire money;—an old man like him."

"That's so, Mr. Crosby, for a hard working man like him, he has had hard luck. But who have you hired."

"Well, Mr. Ordway, I have hired Joe Carter."

"Hum! Joe Carter. I can hardly say that I like your choice."

"Now, you see, help is scarce, and Joe is a good stout hand. He can do the heavy work, my John can do the running, and I can help all rouud and keep things straight."

"I know," said Mr. Ordway, "that he is a stout hand, but not a good one—he drinks some, swears more, and is low and vulgar every way. Are you not afraid that such company will have a bad effect on your son?"

"Why, no. John is a steady boy; got a pretty good education; and sixteen years old—almost a man. I guess he's got a little too much of the Crosby blood in him to be led by a hired man."

"What you say may be true, but you know that any good farmer would not allow an animal afflicted with a contagious disease to de turned in with his flock; nor allow noxious weeds sown upon his farm, and how much more ought we to guard our children against evil?"

"I think, neighbor Ordway, you are too serious about this. Now old deacon Grant had him last year, and he has two or three boys, and he worked his time out there."

"Very likely, but I would rather loose my money than my child. I know Joe always works a little cheaper than the market price, but pay a little more for a man of good morals,—but here is your house."

Crosby alighted and Ordway drove on.

Summer advanced and nature faithfully assisted and crowned with success the labors of the husbandman. On the farm of Mr. Crosby, industry and thrift went hand in hand. The proprietor being one of the town council, was often from home, but his head planed and his hand guided in all the operations of the farm.

John Crosby and Joe Carter, from early dawn, until dark, shared together the labors of each day, and there grew up between them a familiarity and intimacy which, between two of a kind, would be commendable, but as it was, between the wolf and the lamb, it was dangerous.

It might perhaps be hard to tell where the change in the youth commenced, yet there was a change, shown by trying to be rough, hard and coarse. An independent swaggering walk, and a disregard for parental commands.

In the evening, as they left the village, after the mail came in they would often step into the cheerful well-lighted grocery. Here, with free hand, Carter would treat themselves to various confectionaries and occasionally a glass of lager to strengthen them for the walk; and as they wended their way homeward one could have sworn that a pair of friendly lightening bugs were coming up the turnpike.

A secret will bind persons together and Carter well knew this, as he loaned John money to gratify some desire that a close calculating father would have denied. As he divided with him the plums and apples he would occasionally take from a neighbor's orchard, and as he led him, step by step, from the narrow, self-denying path of virtue, into the broad self-gratifying path of vice.

Parents who trust their children are slow to see their errors, and Mr. Crosby, though sometimes annoyed, consoled himself with the idea that Carter's time would soon be out, that he worked well and his profits would be large, and John would be all right in the end. It was also agreeable to his desire to hear Carter talk of going to the city immediately at the expiration of the engagement with him.

But as the time drew near, what was his surprise and dismay, when it was urged that John should accompany him. He would bear the expense of the Journey; get him a good place to work through the winter; show him the sights, and return him again in the spring. Why, all boys are better contented after they have seen the world and John would be all the better for a little knowledge of city life and ways.

"No use to urge. It cannot be." Here Mr. Crosby was firm, and it was a pleasure to him when the season was through and Joe Carter was paid up and gone.

Joe Carter went to the city, but not alone. John Crosby, without his father's consent, had left his home for a short time; just to see the city, and satisfy an inflamed imagination and curiosity. Carter had offered to pay expenses, yet had skilfully appealed to his pride, and shown that John had earned a good sum and it would be no harm to reduce his father's profits, so both had money. They both found employment in a livery stable, and soon formed the acquaintance of a dashing free handed man by the name of James R. Turner, who seemed to have plenty of time to assist them in carrying out their plans, which were to work steadily through the day and in the evening ramble through the streets and visit all public places open. An exiting life and one well calculated to drive reproof of conscience away. Night life in a city exemplifies the old truth that: "Man makes the city, and God makes the country."

There may be a few places instituted by good men where the quiet and thoughtful laborer may pass his evenings with pleasure and profit, but the stranger is apt to be taken into those places of foster profligacy, intemperance and sensuality, and when led on by an adept like Turner, it is a railroad to ruin.

While we pass in silence some of the ways that lead to death, which were opened to their view, we mention that one evening they stepped into a well lighted saloon where a negro boy was pounding the keys of a piano, whose music attracted the attention of the passer by. A well furnished bar was an additioual attraction. John Crosby, hearing a squealing and scratching in another room, inquired what made that noise. The bar keeper, at Turner's reqnest, showed his visitors into a back room, where seats were ranged around like seats at a circus, and in a box near the door were some forty large rats, which were eating meal from a pan just put in for them, and near by were two or three dogs which seemed anxious to get at the rats.

"When do you have the next pit," asked Turner.

"If I get rats enough, it will be next Thursday. I want about sixty. Dan Palmer has bet ten dollars that Terrier Dick will kill 15 rats as quick as my Spot can ten. Then ther's some other dogs that'll be tried."

"How many spectators can you seat," asked Turner."

"Well, by crowding close a little, upwards of one hundred," replied the bar keeper, "and we generally have five cents admission, and with the drinks it makes a good thing."

"Well," said Turner, "I hear the police are coming down on you."

"Fudge," said the bar-keeper, "they won't do it. They'd fine a divil of a row if they should undertake that game. Come in next Thursday evening, and have a jolly time."

Thursday evening came, and also a trio to the rat pit. Here were the muscle of that part of the city,—prize fighters and their imitators, fancy men and rascals,—men who only found recreation and amusement in those things which tended to make them more brutish. As the exercises progressed, and calls at the bar became more frequent, the noise rose to concert pitch, or higher, and as the petted dogs shook the vitality from the rats, the owners shook their fists at each other, profanity and obscenity; all were so different from Crosby's own quiet home that his heart grew sick. He desired to turn from the husks with which he had been trying to satisfy himself, and enjoy the purity and quietness of his home. In the theatre, museum, billiard, gambling and dancing saloons, he had seen much that was beautiful, exciting and fascinating. So we pass in silence over that part of his experience. But here the gloss was so entirely torn away, that he saw that there are ways that seem right to a man, but they lead to death. He vowed to himself that morning should see him far away. But see those little terriers shaking each other. Here is the row promised by the bar-keeper. The company seem well pleased with the idea of pugilistic exercise, and sail in with a zest. As the company surge one way and another, Crosby is hustled into a corner, over-seat among dead rats, and his reflections about home, though disturbed, are mightily deepened. He hears without much dread, the alarm that the police are "down on them," and stares about blankly as the leaders of the row disappear through a back door, and through a more public entrance, appeared men with semi military clothing and hung to their wrists was hung a regular skull-cracker of a club. They briskly nabbed the few remaining ones, blew out the lights and closed the shop.

They soon came to a police station, and marched in the prisoners, gave their names and were searched, description written by a clerk, and they were then walked down a flight of stairs to the basement, where the gas light showed a number of cells to which all prisoners taken in that ward were confined. Crosby's captor was a humorous, good-hearted fellow, used him kindly, except calling him a "green cuss," and "spooney," when he shed a few tears on entering the cell allotted to him.

At twelve o'clock a black covered carriage came and took them to the city hall, where they were confined until morning, then punishments as various as the crimes were awarded to the criminals collected the previous night. When Crosby was called up it appeared that the officer who arrested him had from pity made inquiries which resulted in freeing him from all blame; so with wholesome advice from the judge to keep out of bad company, he was acquitted.

Pulling his cap over his eyes, he walked rapidly along until out of sight of the crowd around the steps of the city hall. He felt deeply disgraced by what had happened, and anxious to be out of sight before Carter or Turner could come out, even if they were acquitted. He inquired the way to the L—— Depot, of an oldish gentleman who walked leisurely in the same direction.

"I am going there," said he, "and will guide you, unless your business requires haste."

Crosby walked slower and kept pace with his companion, who soon saw that some trouble had happened, and began to make inquiries, and learned the whole history. They were then near the depot and saw a train about to start. He presented Crosby with a few dollars, and took his hand.

"Now," said the old man, "profit by your experience here, and go home resolved to practice virtue which alone leads to happiness; industry and economy which lead to wealth. Set your face and influence against the practice of hiring scalawag help, and compelling intelligent young men to seek a foreign market for their labor, and your children to accept bad company. Let brain govern muscle on the farm as well as in the council halls. If you should ever be in the vicinity of N——, be sure and call at my home,—I shall be very glad to see you."

John Crosby pressed the old gentleman's hand, thanked him heartily for his advice and good wishes, took his seat in the car and was rapidly leaving the city and all its temptations behind.

He was recieved at home with great pleasure, and complete forgivness, for the father had again been reminded by his neighbor Ordway, of the advice given in the Spring, and in his sorrow and perplexity, he took the burden of guilt upon his own shoulders. Mr. Heath was again permitted to till his old homestead at a moderate rental; and no one would have guessed the narrow escape from ruin, when they saw father and son working so harmoniously together, and experiencing so good degree of prosperity.

☞ The Woodstock *Standard* says that Mr. George Barrows, of Bridgewater, owns an ewe which, in March, 1860, had two lambs; in February, 1861, two lambs; in November following one lamb; and in June 1862, two lambs; making seven lambs in twenty-seven months, five of which she had in sixteen months.

☞ The population of Vermont liable to do military duty is ascertained from official returns to be 60,580.

Written for the Newsdealer.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Have you ever seen a dying soldier. Have you ever sat by the cot, of the brave Patriot, and gazed upon the glassy eye, the faded cheek, and emaciated frame; the wreck of what was once a noble, brave and stalwart man. If not, you cannot form even a vague idea of suffering grief and heart-rending pathos. It has been the part of the writer to witness suffering and death, in many forms, connected with those noble men who have so gallantly gone forth to do battle for our country. Never shall I forget the many scenes of death; time cannot obliterate from my mind the hard struggles for life which I have seen when death claimed and seized its victim. Of one young man I remember in particular. I have seen him often when the bloom of health illumed his full cheek and noble brow; so blithe and gay. First in rank, and first in the sports of the camp. Fear he knew not. The boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry the clash of tempered steel, joined with bloody conflict, was music in his ears. Refined, gentlemanly and intelligent, he was beloved and sought after by all. His scanty ration was often divided with a hungry comrade. Many a weary and fainting soldier received a draught from his canteen, as he passed him by, and when his fellows tired beneath their long march, and heavy burden, I have seen him carry guns for three. Always reported for duty, and always detailed. The Picket and reconnoisance were his pastime. I saw him one morn leave camp gaily singing a proud national air, for picket duty. The sun never rose more beautiful than on that morn. A balmy soothing breeze waved the majestic pine toward the north, and every thing bespoke a pleasant and merry time for the picket. As they filed down the long avenue out of sight, their feet were made light by the "girl I left behind me," being discoursed by a practiced band. Little do we know what a day will bring forth. That afternoon dark and ominous clouds were seen hovering around the western horizon, and weather prophets talked loudly of rain. That evening the taps were scarcely sounded, when a burst of rain fell upon the earth, such as Vermont seldom witnesses. The heaviest tents were soon drenched. That night many a brave thought of home and its pleasant associations. The storm abated but little till near morning, when it slackened, and sleety snow commenced falling fast. The neighing of horses mingled with the *curses* of wicked men, but plainly told the suffering of that night. Mud in generous profusion covered the ground, and ran in soldier's shoes. For those who remained in camp it was hard. But to those who passed the dreary watch of the night, on the lonely beat, with firelock secured, it was harder still. No rude tent served them for covering, and the only sound which saluted their ears was the relief. The next day I saw them return. A striking contrast to those who passed out the day before. Covered with mud from crown to sole. I saw my friend as he passed by to his quarters. I readily perceived a change; his step was faltering, his voice hoarse and guttural, his clothes drenched and frozen. He passed me, looked up, smiled and said "a hard time—hard time."

The next morning, the sick-list was increased by many. On inquiry I found my friend to be among the number. On the following day I called on him, and found him in his tent, reclining upon a rude cot. He caught my hand and shook it heartily. His pulse beat fast, and a flush lit up his cheek. I quickly saw his condition. Although he appeared light and joyous, it was all assumed. The fever was written plain on his cheek, and his pulse were willing telegraphs of the same. I feared he would be confined for a season, and told him so. At this he laughed, and replied that I had grown womanish of late.

The next day he was removed to the hospital with a burning fever full at work, and there he suffered for many, many long days, while on the right and left, Eternity was fast being peopled. Daily did I visit him, and watched the destroying angel as he preyed upon the vitals of the dying soldier. Noble boy! Not one word of complaint,—not a murmur passed his lips. The same smile played around his mouth. The same expression beamed from his eyes as in health. He often spoke of the time when again the roll of the drum should call him as in days gone by. Day after day I called. At each call I saw a change for the worse.

Entering the abode of sickness one morning, death with ghastly features stared me in the face. Near the entrance, covered with a course blanket, lay the last remains of Ellick—an awful spectacle of mortality. One glance was all that I could endure. I thought of him a few days before hale and hearty, but now closed from the world forever by death's ruthless hand.

I passed on to the cot of my friend. Ere I reached him, I saw that he was delirious. When I neared his cot, he quickly rose, and with an exclemation of joy, caught my hand, his eyes were red and glaring, and such a look, he gave me, I shall never forget. "You have come at last he cried. "Last night I dreamed I saw your brother, leave my Father's door, and saw you swiftly pass, city, village and valley, to come and see your dying brother. I see my mother!—my mother!—my mother! why do you not step forward and kiss my burning cheek. Stand aside and let her pass. I saw her as she came, with cordial in her hands, and consolation on her lips. Why do you not speak to me, and press me to your bosom as you used to! Oh, that I were again a child, that I might nestle in your arms."

He paused a moment, and great hot tears rolled down his burning cheeks. Looking up once more, he said in a deep, guttural voice, "You know me not,—you fear to approach him,—you are missed. My God! my God! hast thou forsaken me." By this time he was well nigh exhausted, and sank upon his couch. Under the influence of cordials he was quieted for a few moments. As I was about leaving the hospital, deeply affected, he again roused himself, calling loudly for his mother and sister. Of his sister he seemed the most to think. At this time, a kind female nurse entered, and when he saw her, it was with difficulty that he was retained upon his bed. He called loudly, "Nellie! *Nellie!*—my only sister The Gods must have sent you to hear the last words of your *dying brother.*" She approached his couch, and he seemed more calm, and perfectly satisfied that she was indeed his sister. He took her hand and kissed it.

She sat down by his side, her eyes moist with weeping. In tender accents he spoke of their childhood—the old play-ground,—the village school,—of the many times their voices had blended togetner in sweet harmony at the family altar—of that noble nag, the pet of his former years. He now gave her his last bequest and dying benediction. "Tell my father," said he, that I never forgot his words of advice; tell him that I met the enemy, fought them, and saw them fly in rout! tell him I have not disgraced the Revolutionary sword that hangs upon the wall—tell him it is for my country I am dying! Oh! that that aged parent were here to commend his dying son to eternity!"

He closed his eyes for a moment. Placing his hand in his bosom, he removed therefrom a small picture, and looking at it a moment, kissed it, dropped a tear, and gave it to her, whom he thought his sister. "This Nellie," said he, "has sustained me in many a weary hour, the prize I hoped to call my own. Kiss her for me, and tell her, that tear was the last Soldier Will ever dropped. Tell her, her future is unknown,—mine is eternity soon. Tell her to meet me after the wars are over, in the bower where last we met." He passed one hard convulsion, one loud call "To arms! to arms!" a slight quiver, and all was over! Will had departed.

A few sad hearts witnessed the scene, and each turned away with the expression, "Poor boy! poor boy!"

The next day the muffled drum and regular tread of escort which accompanied the ambulance, told that he was about to be committed to his final resting-place. I saw him lowered in the grave, and dropped a green sprig upon his coffin. A salute was fired, and all returned to camp, no more to see our friend and brave.

H. P. W.